

The Bell Ringer

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MONTGOMERY BELL ACADEMY, NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE

June, 1977

MBA HOSTS FIRST PROM



Students tripped the light fantastic to the strains of Glory's rock n' roll.

The Official View

Steve Wallace

This spring the Student Council sponsored the first annual MBA Junior-Senior prom. The idea was first suggested early in the year by the Junior class officers who, after gaining support from both Mr. Carter and the student body, undertook the task of creating a new tradition on the Hill from his idea.

The prom was a considerable project for the Junior officers, who planned the entire affair without the benefit of the experience and preparation of previous proms. The officers received immense help from the faculty, who were chaperones, and particularly from Dr. Crowell and Mr. Poston. In addition to a general support and enthusiasm from the entire student body, the Senior officers and a group of hard-core painters and carpenters from the Junior class helped to construct the backdrop in a very limited time.

Funds for the prom were raised in various ways—mainly through the famous onslaught of candy bars and cowbells on the students throughout the fall and winter. This effort was successful, though, because enough money was raised to obtain the band, "Glory"; build the backdrop; pay for miscellaneous expenses; let the Juniors and Seniors in free; and still have money left in the Junior class treasury.

The prom was held on March 12, as suddenly the gym came alive when over three hundred people—parents, teachers, students, and dates—all began to arrive for the night's activities.

The first event of the night was the presentation of Seniors and the Student and Honor Council members, which was followed by the

dance and several "breakfasts" of the various upper classes as the conclusion to the night.

The general opinion of the student body is that the prom was a monumental success, even though it was our first. The presentation occurred almost without flaw as Mr. Carter announced everyone and no one managed to trip or fall into the rather large chasm between the riverboat and the dock that formed the backdrop. The dance itself was enjoyed by everyone; apparently nobody minded the slight electrical difficulty which resulted in a loss of light in the gym for ten minutes. However, the problem was soon resolved, and the band could continue. Other than these, and a few other minor difficulties, the prom was a great success.

Everyone who helped to create this project should be congratulated and next year, if the Juniors receive a little more help, the prom should be an even better event.

The Inside Scene

Kim Justice

In almost any magazine you would care to pick up, somewhere in the back is an ad with a heading which reads, "Does your church or organization need money?"

The ad then proceeds to extol the virtues of Jane Doe Candy Bars. "They sell like nothing you've ever seen! It's so EASY to sell Jane Doe Candy Bars! Just send us your address and the number of members in your organization!"

So there I stood with my baggie of bars: twenty-four to be exact. It is easy to sell those bars—if seventy-five other people aren't

selling them at the same time. I ended up buying about half of mine . . . my family bought the rest. Hearing of folks who sold over \$100 worth (That's 200 bars.) made me think of furtive arm-twisting and various threats . . .

Finally, they set the date, March 12, for the prom. It was to go from 8:00 to 12:00, then the juniors would go to a breakfast at Walter Robinson's house until approximately 5:00.

I went; and yes, I did take a date, but that's beside the point. The program started off with the Senior presentation, the highlight of which was Louis Davis and his yellow tuxedo, which was alternately described as a "banana" and a "butter mint." After a short break, the dance started. The band, "Glory," played particularly well, although the playing was punctuated by blown fuses, since the band and the lights were on the same circuit. I did not examine that situation for fear of finding every light, mixer, and amplifier plugged into the same outlet. I have no doubt that my fears were unfounded.

I myself was unable to attend the breakfast, since my date lived out in the sticks, but the word from one attendant was, "Great party, Walter." The breakfast ended about 3:00 AM. What a night.



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NEW CLASS OFFICERS ELECTED



The 1977-78 student council appears ready to assume its sacred responsibilities.

Paul Stumb

This year at MBA the student council made some substantial and needed amendments to its constitution concerning class elections.

First, the method of self-nomination by petition was instituted to replace the slow and somewhat inefficient method of nominating from the floor. This plan intends to eliminate spurious nominations while allowing any serious candidate to run for a desired office. The former election procedures were

further adjusted with the adoption of the preference ballot. This reform greatly reduces the amount of time necessary to complete the elections by avoiding the lengthy run-offs used in previous years. One last change involves a seemingly insignificant, yet frequently very important factor in election results. This amendment states that no longer will a majority of the class be required to win an election, but a majority of those present and voting may constitute a victory.

These reforms were explained and discussed in assembly and then ratified by 74% of the student body. On May 6, these reforms became operative and the following students were elected to assume office for the 9177-78 school year:

12th Grade:

Student Council:

President—M. Sullivan
Vice President—P. Stumb
Secretary—J. Haynes
Treasurer—E. Archer

Honor Council:

President—G. Baker
Vice President—R. Holland
Secretary—B. Russell
Treasurer—C. Milam

11th Grade:

Student Council:

President—E. Groos
Vice President—S. Riegle
Secretary—P. Durham
Treasurer—T. Stumb

Honor Council:

President—C. Stewart
Vice President—B. Campbell
Secretary—D. Todd

10th Grade:

Student Council:

President—P. Altenber
Vice President—C. Hill
Secretary—O. Lipscomb
Treasurer—R. Regen

Honor Council:

President—R. Henderson
Vice President—B. Galloway

CITY MUST ACT NOW

NASHVILLE LANDMARK UNDERGOES DECAY

Ben Cohen and Sam Garrett

The outward appearance of Nashville's Union Station gives no clue to its advanced state of inward decay. The grey Romanesque façade commands the surrounding buildings by virtue of the great height of its tower and the powerful horizontal sweep of its massive exterior. But on closer inspection the station shows more clearly not its impressive mass or its ornate details but its terrible deterioration.

The viewer is struck by the contrast between the pains taken in designing and executing the building and the absolute indifference with which it has been maintained. Everywhere the station's elaborate Victorian decorations and bold monumental design are obscured by the grime and garbage of decades of neglect: windows boarded up, stairways roped off, doors nailed shut, and the main superstructure itself padlocked since 1975. These repeated examples of disorder and decay create an atmosphere so pervasive that it oppresses the viewer even as he approaches from a distance.

Romanesque Style

The façade of Union Station is an excellent example of late Victorian architecture. In a Romanesque revival style, its principal characteristics are ponderous weight and elaborate decoration. Dominating the façade are the portico, whose huge arches and massive rusticated stonework are contrasted with very delicate ornamental carving, and the central tower, patterned on a fortress keep or a cathedral lantern tower. Mammoth arches across different levels of the façade create a heavy architectural rhythm. Huge Mansard windows, almost too large to be so described, give the building repeated vertical accents to balance the sweeping horizontal façade. The whole effect conveyed is one of sober confidence and competence of design.

Further investigation on our part, however, revealed the decay of the main structure. The building's main feature, the clock tower, has been unused for twenty years; the four faces of its clock have been covered by blank boards and advertisements. Rotted, disconnected wiring dangled from all sides of the building; pigeons nested on every roof, grating, and window. Ripped, bent Venetian blinds could be seen in those windows not boarded up or painted over. The dressed and rusticated grey stone was covered with a thick film of soot and grime.

Ornate Facade

The left side of the building was separated from the street by a deep gulch, which was spanned by an ornate metalwork arcade. The delicate detail of the wrought iron railings and the once-vivid colors of the Tiffany glass windows contrasted with the decrepit roof of the arcade. This gallery continued behind the main structure of the station, where it overlooked the railroad shed. The impression conveyed to us was one of vast space stretching to a point in the far distance. A defunct escalator led to the filthy concrete floor of the shed.

Here, due to the lack of lighting, the dull brown paint used on everything, and above all the dust which blankets the whole station, the overwhelming impression we gathered was one of dusky greyness. The stench of pigeon droppings, which litter the floor at some places to the depth of an inch and a half, was sharp. Hanging from the roof of the shed were hundreds of spidery cables, rotten wires, pipes, girders, and braces so numerous as to disguise their purpose. Gaping holes in the roof admitted irregular patches of light which only served to emphasize the shadows which enveloped everything in the Station.

Across from the motionless escalator lay an ornate flight of



The once grand facade of the old station is now sullied with the fruits of neglect.

steps. These steps, which we climbed, led to a chain-mesh fence that blocked our way. Returning to the landing, we entered through an open door into an empty office with peeling paint and trash-covered floors. Descending the moth-covered stair, we saw dozens of *Tennessee Historical Chronicles* trampled in the dust. On a broken, dust-covered window was an election poster of twenty-five years before.

In the center of the shed, twin raised pillars lifted ten feet above the ground a huge tangle of blue metal. Underfoot, pigeon eggs, droppings, and crushed food lay scattered over the cracked concrete

floor. Above, hundreds of girders and cables obscured the function of what was once a seven million dollar mail-sorting machine.

Over the ripped-up ties and overturned flatcars we saw a decomposing pigeon lying in a pool of grease between the tracks. Across the tracks was the far wall of the shed, which the railroad company had been forced to excavate out of the living rock. All of the ground in this area was coated with rancid oil, and streams of greasy water ran constantly down the soot caked wall. Rotting pipes and wires were everywhere. The shadows on the walls and on the overhanging rock and the blackness of the oil, whose stench pervades the area, gave this part of the station a particularly infernal atmosphere.

Encroaching Decay

Adjacent to this area was a small concrete addition to the main structure. On the heavy metal door of this room were the stenciled letters, **Communication Department**, and below, scrawled in the rusting paint, **KEEP OUT**. As we entered the office, we were confronted with an overpowering musty odor. Over the desk and floor lay various electrical devices, technical manuals, and a web-covered glass jug of clock cleaning fluid, useless for twenty years. Liquor bottles were strewn freely about, along with several telegraphs, teletypes, and wireless radios. This room seemed the very personification of the disorder and futility which we had seen over and over again.

Returning from this depressing exploration, we went to a section of the building which we had seen previously but had not entered, that small part of the structure

which now handles all railroad traffic at the station. The cool and pleasant atmosphere was as different as possible from the fetid, oppressive stench we had found everywhere else. Nor was this the only contrast: the train station was cavernous; this office was comparatively tiny. What we had just seen had been gray, murky brown, or black. This office was brilliantly colorful in the most modern style.

Powerful Contrasts

The extraordinarily detailed ornamentation of the old station was one of its most striking features, but the strictly modern Amtrak office was bare of decoration. One of the most unnerving aspects of Union Station was its echoing stillness; but cheerful, banal music filtered into every corner of the room.

Some of these contrasts are merely the useful and instructive differences between the architectural fashions of two periods. But others, those contrasting the neatness and order of the Amtrak office with the disorder and decrepitude of Union Station, are unnecessary and destructive of our civic spirit and ideals. Nashville seventy-five years ago made a prodigious effort to express in great public works its vision of itself and its confidence in the future. We of the 1970's are again embarking on such a program of municipal construction. Is it not sobering to imagine these new expressions of our ideals and confidence allowed to fall into Union Station's disrepair?



The railroad shed: But is there really light at the end of the tunnel?

Ed.: Our editorial stance is not necessarily that of the school.



Fleetwood Mac makes its music as half of MBA looks on.

Fleetwood Mac Draws Raves

Jeff Glezar

Saturday evening, May 21, found a capacity crowd at municipal auditorium anxiously awaiting one of the most talented rock billings to hit Nashville this season.

Shortly before 8:00 the lights dimmed, and Kenny Loggins (formerly of Loggins and Messina) took the stage. He began his act with a few cuts from his new album, "Celebrate Me Home." Within forty-five minutes, he fully satisfied the crowd with fine renditions of such L. and M. favorites as "Vahevala" and the soft "House at Poof Corner." The new Kenny Loggins band, with five back-up vocals, proved themselves talented musically and worthy of playing with such a well-established performer. Returning to the stage for one encore, Loggins rocked the auditorium with a long version of "Angry Eyes."

After long minutes of waiting while the crews prepared the stage, the auditorium again darkened. "Hello Nashville" echoed from wall to wall. Seconds later, the stage glowed in colored splendor as Fleetwood Mac opened with the finely tuned harmony of "Say You Love Me."

The original group had four members: Mick Fleetwood on drums, John McVie on bass, Christine McVie on keyboards and vocals, and Lindsey Buckingham on lead guitar and vocals. In this form the group showed promise but could boast no chart-topping selections.

Loggins Opens

However, in 1975, the group produced an album appropriately entitled merely "Fleetwood Mac." This lp exhibited not only a new, refined musical style but also a new member of the group itself, female vocalist Stevie Nicks. It appears that Nicks provided the impetus necessary to set the group on its climb to success, for two cuts from the album quickly rated high in the market: "Over My Head" and "Rhiannon." The entire album, as well as the second lp of the "new" group entitled "Rumors," are a platinum album.

However, success has not dampened the style of the group,

for both albums are equally tight, musically and vocally; neither is Fleetwood Mac only a studio group. They continue to please audiences everywhere with fine stage shows.

The Nashville stop on Fleetwood Mac's 1977 world tour was no exception. Immediately captivating the audience with their first number, they continued to perform hits early in the show such as "Dreams" and "Go Your Own Way." Stevie Nicks occasionally left the stage, while the original four band members played some of the groups earlier fine compositions. Guitarist Lindsey Buckingham displayed predictably exceptional finesse on the guitar, both electric and acoustic, on such cuts as "Never Going Back Again." His high-pitched vocals were unbeatable, especially when coupled with Nick's and Christine McVie's harmony.

Harmony Superb

Any combination of lead or harmony of the three vocalists was of spine-tingling quality. Mick Fleetwood and bass player McVie laid out a powerfully authoritative rhythm throughout the show. Individually, Fleetwood graced the audience with a rather unusual yet quite entertaining bongo drum solo.

Christine McVie proved to be not only a liquid-smooth vocalist but also a highly talented musician, especially on such songs as "Songbird" (performed for the first time on stage) and "Landslide," in which her electric piano interludes over Buckingham's acoustic guitar soothed the audience to satisfaction.

In analyzing Nick's performance, it is obvious she adds the final completeness to the group, not only with her songwriting ability, but also at times with her mystically beautiful coarse yet smooth voice. Her mere presence was captivating.

Nicks Wows 'Em

Finally, after playing several songs from the "Fleetwood Mac" album and 90% of "Rumors," the group culminated its performance with "The Chain," with full-band instrumentation and full-group harmony. The audience was ecstatic, calling the band back for two

equally crowd-pleasing encores. Lights on!

Evaluating the concert as a whole indicates that both Fleetwood Mac and Kenny Loggins are highly talented acts. At home on stage, both acts are worthy of the high public following they are gathering. The only criticism of the evening was the incessantly insufficient sound systems of Municipal Auditorium. This factor greatly disturbed many close followers of the groups, especially Fleetwood Mac, for many of the bands' most effective emusical subtleties fell victim to the poor acoustics of the auditorium. This is no criticism of the groups, for they still performed at full potential but were not heard at the same capacity. Acoustics such as at the Opryhouse would be perfect for such a performance. So, in the words of F. M.: "Don't stop thinking about tomorrow/Still be better than before." So Nashville looks for the triumphant return of Fleetwood Mac and Loggins.

RECORD REVIEWS

Wonder Does It Again

Ike Simon

"So let it be that I shall take the idea of the song and use its words as my sight into the unknown, but believe positive tomorrow and I shall so when in evil darkness smile up at the sun and it shall to me as if I were a pyramid give me the key in which I am to sing, and if it is a key that you too feel, may you join and sing with me."

Steve Wonder's long-awaited release, *Songs in the Key of Life*, brings us tidings of joy, pain, love, despair, and optimism while it brings Stevie back into the limelight after a two-year dry spell.

This album, which went platinum before its release, is as diverse as his "Grammy" award-winning *Innervisions* with tunes ranging from soft ballads to Gospel/rock. Stevie Wonder is generally accepted as one of the most popular and respected singer-composer-musicians in the music business, and this lp proves to be no exception as, on almost all of the cuts, all the instrumental work is performed by Stevie.

The first side opens with the soft-rock of "Love Isn't Need of Love Today"; while Stevie's personal statement, "Have a Talk with God," has a blues flavor with African and electronic overtones commingled in the background—"Many of us feel we walk along without a friend, never communicating with the One who lives within." "Contusion," an instrumental, is highlighted by some excellent jazzy picking by Stevie's traveling band, Wonderlove, featuring Mike Sembello on lead guitar. It's a sure bet that "Sir Duke," Stevie's tribute to Duke Ellington, featuring excellent mixing of horns, will soon be overrun and trampled by AM overplay, although this song is one of the best on the album.

Side two opens with the hard-rocking "I Wish," another victim of the dilemma of "AM overkill,"

which reminisces about childhood days: "sneaking out the back door to hang out with those hoodlum friends of mine." The touching love song "Knocks Me Off My Feet" slows down the tempo nicely. In "Pastime Paradise," haunting strings complement Stevie's vocals along with the West Angeles Church of God Choir's background vocals in describing the paradoxical situation of most people in life: "They've been spending most their lives living in a pastime paradise/They've been spending most their lives living in a future paradise."

The third side begins with "Isn't She Lovely," another AM favorite that decidedly deserved its fate of gross overplay. This song, which should have been entitled "Stevie Gives His Kid a Bath," would have been better left off the album. The faster "Black Man" evokes a long, rhythmic romp over which a classroom recites catechisms celebrating some notvery-famous men, of various races, who have affected history. Stevie's message is simple: "This world was made for all men."

Side four presents an assortment of two African-sounding tunes and also perhaps the best cut on the lp with the Gospel/rock inspired "As," in which Herbie Hancock lends his keyboard expertise.

Other noteworthy songs include "Ordinary Pain" and the melancholy yet optimistic ballad "Joy Inside my Tears." This double-album package is a real treat to Stevie Wonder followers, but Stevie is assured of gaining increased popularity through his versatility and his musical genius displayed on this effort. One can almost feel the energy of each song through Stevie's omnipresent voice. Certainly, its his voice which makes his otherwise commonplace lyrics come to life. Stevie Wonder is the "blind seer" in a business where most musicians are blinded by glitter.

KINK'S LATEST SHOWS NEW POWER

Tad Wert

The Kink's latest album, *Sleepwalker*, is, at the moment, a dormant giant. The first non-concert lp by Ray Davies since *Everybody's in Showbiz*, *Sleepwalker* marks a long-awaited return to good old rock n' roll by this well-seasoned group.

Every cut can easily stand on its own merit ranging from the rousing "On the Road" to the smooth ballad "Stormy Sky." Ray Davies, singer-songwriter-producer of the group, really outdoes himself on vocals, especially in "Life Goes On." Dave Davies, Ray's brother, shows his competence playing guitar on such songs as "Mr. Big Man" and "Juke Box Music." The best cuts are "Life Goes On" and "Sleepwalker," powered by Davies' guitar riffing reminiscent of Steve Miller.

There are some low points, like "Brother," a rather juvenile protest against some of the world's craziness and apathy. Altogether, *Sleepwalker* is a fine record, showing us that the Kinks are not wallowing in their past success of the sixties, but are right up here in the seventies.



Stevie Nicks delights her hordes of fans

MBA Students' Art Work Varied, Excellent

Walter Robinson

As the final art exhibit in the Audio-Visual room this year, the MBA art classes put together their own collage of prints, paintings, and mobiles. This show is the culmination of a year of fine work in the art lab. This collection offers an unusual variety of color, form, and media.

Highlights of the student work include Flem Smith's mobile, which revolves (literally and figuratively) around a circular-linear design; Bobby Garner's multi-colored variational works which center on the "color-expansion" of ordinary objects; and Ernest Franklin's pen and ink drawings, in which he has geometric designs to produce optical illusions. Other featured works were done by Bill Elliston, Byron Glover, Andy Gill, John Anderson, Lorne Eisen, Richard Wright, and David Linn.

Mrs. Lequire's art classes have achieved great success in endeavors which were not featured in this show. The multimedia slide show entitled "Nashville" won great acclaim from all who saw it and gained considerable credit and prestige for the art departments of both Harpeth Hall and MBA. The show was produced on three separate screens utilizing a rear screen method projection. Tapes with both music and original poetry were used to complete the exhibit.

The MBA student body also sampled some of Mrs. Lequire's students' films, both from this and previous years. The highlight of this show was Jon Shayne's production of a satiric newscast concerning Amy Carter. The same idea was used on N.B.C.'s Saturday Night Live show the following weekend, and Jon staunchly maintains that he did his production first.

Departure of Mr. And Mrs. Ridgway

Walter Robinson

Next year, Mr. and Mrs. Ridgway will be leaving MBA and moving to Mobile, Alabama, where they will both teach at UMS Preparatory School.

Mr. Ridgway will teach AP American History and coach football and swimming, while Mrs. Ridgway will take charge of the debate team and several math classes.

The Ridgways came to MBA in the fall of 1965 from Jackson, Mississippi, where Mr. Ridgway taught history and coached football at Chastain Junior High and Mrs. Ridgway taught math at Murrah High School. Both have always enjoyed teaching, and Mrs. Ridgway calls her new position a "challenge," since UMS will start next year with a new headmaster and board of trustees.

The Ridgways have made many valuable contributions to MBA and we shall miss them. We wish them every success in their new endeavors.

Houston's Has High Quality, Low Prices

David Smith

Despite the proliferation of mediocre commercial restaurants in Nashville, there has sprouted an excellent privately-owned dining establishment known as Houston's. Recently opened, Houston's caters to college students, with a festive atmosphere, and reasonably priced, high-quality food.

On two successive visits to Houston's the food was delectable, the mood intriguing, and the service almost non-existent. The poor service may be attributed to the huge crowds.

Among a variety of entrées, there is included Rib-Eye steak, priced at \$5.95, and the prime rib *au jus*, at \$5.90. The gourmet would relish the Gruyere Quiche, a delicious bargain at \$3.00. The French bread which accompanies all main dishes is superb, and unique to Houston's. Prices belie the quality of the food—most items one would routinely expect to be at least a dollar higher.

A converted auto-parts store, Houston's maintains a "roaring '20's" atmosphere with ceiling fans, wall-covering mirrors, and closely situated booths. An outside courtyard with canopied tables is pleasant for dining, and viewing the Nashville skyline.

While the service is less than bountiful, the waiters are amiable, well-mannered, and eager to accommodate one's needs, even if they do not "come back in a minute with the bread."



MBA-Harpeth Hall players have another operatic success.

New Gilbert and Sullivan Performance

Jackson Galloway

Each year we are pleasantly surprised with the performance of a Gilbert and Sullivan operetta by the combined MBA-Harpeth Hall choruses.

This year's production was "The Pirates of Penzance," the only Gilbert and Sullivan operetta to open in the United States. Though threatened by the winter snows, athletic events, Alpha Chi, illness of the principals, and a frequent loss of memory in rehearsal by members of the chorus, the several performances did quite well with both Blue and Red casts enchanting the audiences with their police and pirate characterizations. The major factor in realizing this excellent show was the leadership of MBA's maestro Gerald Authur, Harpeth Hall's Nancy Gray, and Anne Bishop. With good returning talent and the same directors, we

can look forward to another superlative extravaganza next year.

Other films were by this year's seventh graders and by sophomores Richard Smith and Greg Martindale three years ago. Tim Crenshaw also produced a fine film along with many others.

This has been an excellent year for Mr. Authur and the MBA chorus. We certainly thank him for the credit he has brought to MBA and wish for a continuing string of future successes.

Montgomery Bell Academy restates its open admissions policy. Applicants are considered on the basis of academic ability and previous school record, regardless of race, creed, or color. Applications are available at the school office. Telephone: 298-5514.



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Such is usually one's first experience in the "mud room"—a ten by twenty foot chamber completely filled with more than three foot deep mud. The "mud room" is part of Wet Cave, located near Monteagle, and it is just one of the many attractions offered by spelunking, the "art of caving."

In spite of their intellectual pursuits, many MBA students apparently relish such pleasures, for a surprisingly large number of them

are quite ardent cavers. Besides such experienced spelunkers as John Andrews, who is a member of the Nashville Grotto, there are innumerable people in every class who enjoy caving on the weekends as a hobby. Using a carbide (or electric) head lamp and a flash light, one can spend days exploring all the side passages in a single cave. In Wet Cave, one can also indulge in mud slides, mud baths, and mud races.

There are plenty of narrow passages through which one can barely crawl, and by climbing to a second level, one can explore several side chambers. These chambers contain not only many interesting formations, but also beautiful pools of crystal-clear water, and several climbs that would challenge even a mountaineer (especially since they are totally covered with a thin layer of moist mud).

One of the reasons for such an abundance of caving enthusiasts is the fact that Tennessee has a great number and variety of caves. Davidson County alone contains over fifteen charted caves. The area around Monteagle is a haven for spelunkers. One can visit not only Wet Cave but also dozens of others dispersed on the mountainside, such as Walker Springs Cave, whose entrance is a narrow stream bed. In order to enter, one has to wade through water neck high (in one place over one's head) for thirty freezing feet. If that's not bad enough, one has to do it on the way out also.

About three miles past Monteagle on I-24 is Soda Straw Cave. It is one of the few caves in the southern U.S. where the delicate "soda straw," a crystalline formation resembling a straw which grows from the roof, may be found. Unfortunately, local vandals and obnoxious cavers have broken hundreds of soda straws and caused the cave to be temporarily sealed off by the authorities.

Barr's *Caves of Tennessee* lists over six hundred charted caves in the state, but there are probably several thousand others both explored and unexplored. If you are an animal-lover, you can always observe the bats, rats, cave crickets, or spiders. To the spelunker, the most beautiful aspect of caverns lies in their formations—the stalactites, stalagmites, columns, and soda straws. These have been carved out of the rock by water for thousands of years. Some (as the



MBA seniors tapped for Totomoi this spring are, from left to right, Lyle Beasley, Midrey Tune, Alan Reasons, Andy May, Bill Collins, Ben Cohen, Barry Duke, Jeff Glezer, Joe Wood, and Charles Sawyers.

straws) are so delicate that a breath can shatter them. Others have such intricate patterns that they look like sculptures carved by some Greek master.

Though caving certainly does not require stupendous physical prowess, or ability, one should take certain precautions before venturing below ground. There have been many incidents of people losing themselves in caves without any light, and several of these have proved fatal. It is completely inadvisable to go caving alone, and

one should always either have someone present who knows the cave or have thorough descriptions of it. Since many caves are formed along stream beds, the stream can suddenly rise to within a foot of the ceiling after a rainstorm, and one must be prepared for this exigency. One should also always carry at least two sources of light, because it can be very painful to run head on into the side of the cave while stumbling around in the dark.



Veteran Spelunker Gene Nelson prepares to take the plunge.

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LAST WILLS & TESTAMENTS

I, Billy Anderson, being of unsound mind and weeny body, do hereby leave the following: Gerald Ford to Mark Barnes (They deserve each other.); my decomposed track shoes to Chris Milam; my gold sticks to Dr. Fairbairn; my chess genius to Morris (The Fish) Lewis; my awesome strength to Ed Archer; my marvelous ability to procrastinate to anybody stupid enough to follow in my footsteps; and the Hill for Atlanta and Emory, secure in the knowledge that Bill Collins won't be there.

I, John Andrews, leave thirteen used demerit slips to Joe Davis, and a copy of *Where to Stay in Ft. Lauderdale* to Andy Smith.

I, Andy Bishop, do hereby leave Mr. Poston a pleasant future at MBA without my seventh period complaints. I also leave to Dr. Crowell my appreciation for keeping our physics class so well-informed about Nazi scientists' experiments and other such stories before lunch period.

I, Greer Bogle, leave my seventh and eighth-grade Harpeth Hall groupies to Ed Archer, who can also appreciate the finer points of adolescence. I also leave my uncanny ability to obey Mr. Drake without any question or backtalk to those lovable little track stars of the future—Tad, Craig, Erich, Bennett, and any *compadres* they can muster.

I, Albert Brown, do leave to Freddie Horton an anemometer to help choose dugouts, to MBA a name change to the Akiva High School, to Dr. Crowell my facade, a reward to anyone who can locate the baseball and soccer fields, one million dollars to build the much-needed indoor tennis courts, and the new soccer goals to the class of '87.

I, Byron Burrus, leave my unused track career to Mr. Drake, support for Mr. Medlin in next year's pentathlon, and Mrs. Simmons.

I, Grady Burrus, being of exhausted mind and broken body, do hereby leave the book, *Color Coordination: It Can Help*, to my golf coach, a deeper voice to Mr. Lanier, and to Jeff Hanes a better person than Jay Hitt to ride to and from school with. Finally, I leave, hopefully.

I, Mike Chernau, leave my happy home to see what I can find out. leave my folk and friend with the aim to clear my mind out. There's so much more to know and I'm on the road to find out.

I, John Claybrook, leave my love for J.J.W., Buffett, Blatz, Tuborg, and Florida to anyone who wants it; it's been a lovely cruise.

I, Ben Cohen, have decided to take it all with me.

I, Bill Collins, leave Evans an easy-open drop-free carton of developer.

I, Louis Davis, being of sound body (except salt) do hereby leave three sets of tires on the driveway to whoever wants to scrape them up, all of my study hall excuses to Jim Poston, who put me there, my belt buckle to Doc Fairbairn, and twelve equations in twelve unknowns to Doc Crowell.

I, Barry Duke, leave to Hue "Jed" Novak all rights to the "cement pond," to Bill Hawkins I leave the knee-weight machine in the weight room, to Greg Simpson I leave the Puma "game face" which Steve Burch had left for me,

moral standards and ethical codes next year, although I, as a founder, leave; I leave the Search feeling with all of those who asked, "What are those funny-looking crosses?"; I leave Joe Wood (my hero) to fly into the wide, blue yonder, and Joe Wieck to fly into the wild, green yonder; I leave Tiny in Nashville, with Bryan and Phillip (oh no!); and finally, after four years of Latin, leave this motto: "Sede in hoc."

I, Robert E. Garner, Jr., being of sound mind and body bequeath the following: To Mildred, a carrel

(Believe it or not, Coach D. It's not over, either.), do hereby leave MBA track to a bunch of underclassmen who run like seniors; a few more irons in the fire to any Junior who feels that he doesn't have enough extracurriculars; the editorships of the Annual to the next unknowing victims; thanks to the Hill, and finally I leave MBA only to get it up and do it again, resigned to the fact that it's whatever it is you see that life will become.

I, David Graham, graduating from Montgomery Bell Academy,

rechtem Verstand und in guter körperlicher Verfassung hinterlasse diese letzte Willie und Testament, um die Nötigkeit einer deutschen Klasse an MBA vorzuschlagen. I take with me my diploma in one hand, my cello in the other. But, I shall leave behind me my "point-grubbing" ability to be distributed among any of Dr. Fairbairn's students who will utilize it as well as I have.

I, Norm Herron, being of a somewhat unsound mind and body after six years on the Hill, do hereby leave the jungle-bird call and the care of Beth Delapp till Christmas holidays to my brother, the right to mug Van Kraal to Bob Russell, and, more seriously, I leave the students and faculty of MBA with sincere gratitude and thanks for my experience on the Hill.

I, James Winfield Hodge, being of sound mind and body, do hereby bequeath the following to: Mr. Michael Drake, my excessive height; Dr. Harold Crowell, my three-day-old beard in hopes that he may use it to his advantage; Mr. James Poston, my undying admiration for the highly mature freshman class; Paul Stumb, my favorite stories concerning . . . ; Bill Elliston, several pieces of notebook paper, several bottles of No-Doz (and one-half of my Chemistry grade; Hunter Hodge, a certain Harpeth Hall student and my good name and reputation; Bill Anderson, I leave saying, "Hello Bill"; and, finally, to Mrs. Virginia "Mamma" Hollins, my most sincere love and affection for being a great friend.

I, Mark Ishee, being of sound (?) mind and body, do hereby bequeath the following: to Dr. Fairbairn, I leave a blowtorch; to Trey Fore, I leave an unused assortment of English notes; on behalf of the chess team, I leave to Mr. Carter and the school a plethora of chess trophies in the hope that they somehow add up to a state wrestling championship; to David Thistlewaite, I leave nothing at all; to Doug Cain, I leave the presidency of the chess club, in the hope that he will find some way to make it a significant office; to the Senior Class of 1977-78, I leave Mrs. Lowry; to Mr. Drake, I leave a Farrah Fawcett-Majors t-shirt; to Mr. Caldwell, I leave several abysmal math exams; to Morris Lewis, I leave a bottle of hair dye; to Trey Poole, I leave a dog-eared copy of *Zen and the Art of Motorcycle Maintenance*; and, finally, to Montgomery Bell Academy itself, I leave much devotion and gratitude.

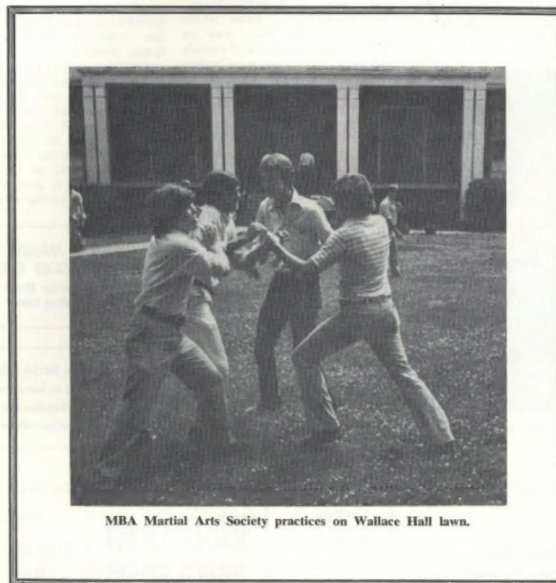
I, Nelson Griswold, left MBA suddenly, unexpectedly, and unfortunately—ten days too early.

I, John Hamilton, do hereby bequeath the darkroom to Trey Fore, my absences from assembly to Preston Morgan, and my *Fridays* to Bucky Irwin.

I, John Hannon, leave what is left of the "Box" to McWhirter for his backyard, my French IV books to Norling, my incredibly high theme grades to Simpson, all the money that Jody owes me to Jody, and all my cards and chips to Roboto.

Ich, William Webster Hase, bei

I, Edward Jackson, hereby leave my Blazer with its miraculous cruising ability on the strip and its amazing ability to prolong Ft. Lauderdale vacations to anyone going there next year; and I leave John McWhirter the desertion medal of honor for leaving us stranded, because he is whipped. (Laura).



MBA Martial Arts Society practices on Wallace Hall lawn.

I leave to Mr. Jefferson a leash for Freddie Horton, and finally, I leave to "Wormo" Smith my best wishes for him to overcome his fifth period blues.

I, Lee Edmondson, leave the remaining two-thirds of my senior football letter to whoever needs it and the key to the City of Monroe, Louisiana to Jody Daniels.

I, Steve Elliott, leave my magnificent speech-making ability to next year's tennis captain; my ability to defend myself at football games and parties from people with Italian names goes to Jody Johnson; and finally I'd like to leave Bill Calton a tranquilizer.

I, Greg Estes, leave Dr. Crowell a lounge chair, my imagination, and a 96-by-96 matrix to use at his discretion.

I, John Fox, being a rear-end man, do sincerely hope that the H.M.S. Club continues its high

to sit in whenever she wants; to Mr. Caldwell, a hypothetical situation—what if Phyllis, George, and Kate Jackson came to Goodlettsville . . . ; to Jack, courses on speed-reading and ad-libbing; to Jeff Haynes, 2 Maplewood cheerleaders; finally, to Doc Crowell, a lawn chair to sit on and make fun of Estes.

I, Sam Garrett, leave my space in the parking lot to any car big enough to fill it.

I, Phillip Gibbs, do hereby bequeath very little to very few: to David Schenker, I leave my volleyball ability; to Tom Groombs, I leave first-period study hall; to Randy Foster, I leave the organization of winter L.C.; and to Joe and John, I leave a faithful promise to take good care of Cathy and Tiny.

What? I, Jeff Glezer, being of sound mind and track-worn body

Seniors Fire Their Parting Shot

I, Rick ("Smug") Jacques, being of full stomach and clear head, hereby bequeath my Red Man Chewing Tobacco, brass floor spittoon, Grand Ole Opry ticket stubs, football helmet, wadchuw, fishing tackle, study hall firecrackers, seat in front of the Purple Cow, and fishing spot at Radner Lake to Mark Barnes, Walter Robinson, and company (the debate team).

I, Bobby Johnson, being basically a moose like Ralph, however, more cleverly disguised, do bequeath 2% of my body to Carol Hosking; what little rubber and transmission I have left to Russ Freeman and John McWhirter; a couple of pennies to Ike, Mike, and the rest of the "kikes" to divide evenly among themselves; and my tremendous upper-body strength to Ed "Wennie-Everything" Archer.

I, David Johnson, being of unsound mind and unfit body, bequeath to those unfortunate souls who will have sixth period lunch—no fish, cold French Fries, dirty tables, and no orange drink. To Jay Hodge I leave the knowledge that his name appeared before mine in the program. To Richard Wright I leave the fun of third-period art.

Finally, to John Beasley, I leave my uncanny ability to find the strangest, most exotic excuses for missing study hall and athletics.

I, Jerry Jordan, hereby leave, first of all, my unique ability to wreck every car I can get my hands on to Baker and his Lincoln; Norma's to London and Younglife on Wednesday nights, prayer meeting after chorus to next year's cast; my bush-navigation duties in Neil's jeep to the Bushman; my Spanish-homework ability to Fenichel and Mrs. Wilson; and, finally, I am terminating the long lineage of hereditary height from Goertz to Patterson to me, because there are no more Jerry's and nobody's worth it anyway.

I, Scott Kimbro, do hereby leave my ability to do virtually nothing in sports and my beloved parrot to Trey Fore, my great ability to imitate a member of the faculty to David "Bubba, Bubba" House, and my ability to drive down country roads to Billy Rowland under the condition that he gets a Camero.

I, Michael Knish, do hereby leave my seven-year itch plus my favorite ecological niche plus my four-wood plus my fake \$10 bill to

George Cate, my worldly advice plus my book *How To Make Snow* to Tom Groomes, my finger ring that really does tell time to Rick Seay, the stack of periodic charts that I stole to Mr. Hoyle, a bottle of cursed Sprite to Mrs. Lowry, and fond memories of the blackberry queen plus a gift certificate for Hair-o-Metrics to Jeff Zager.

I, Andy May, leave Jimmy Moyers still wondering why he shouldn't settle for a salamander. Burl.

I, Warner McNeilly, do hereby leave to Mrs. Hollins, my empty French to give to some unfortunate Senior next year; my "most generous" seat in math behind the regional golf champ to the state golf champ; my appreciation to Mr. Carter and the school; Mildred to anybody that wants her.

I, Doug Maxwell, leave my U.S.N. party scanner to A.Z.A. in MBA; the Hill for Chapel Hill; and sincere thanks to friends/faculty/administration of Montgomery Bell Academy.

I, Kevin Mallory, of sound mind and body (not to mention generally

high spirits), leave my lyric style to Mrs. Lowry, to spread around as she sees fit. To David I leave my abiding respect for the letter of the law at MBA; half a rat tail and a bloody scalpel to Dr. Thomas. Finally, I stumble away from this cracked ostrich egg, dragging my whales behind me.

I, David J. Mahanes, being of sound mind and body, do hereby bequeath my locks of hair to Dr. Harold Crowell, my lab reports to an antique dealer, my complete collection of Led Zeppelin albums to Mr. Harkey, a Jim Dandy gift certificate to Mr. and Mrs. Carter, and by guitars to no one.

I, Jody Macey, finally leave Hunter Hodge the diurnal struggle of keeping an all-day smile, John Ingram with no one to call "sport," and John McWhirter the challenge to keep his eyes open on theme day.

I, Evans Lyne, of sound body and mind (?), leave Mrs. Hollins one empty, clean, and slightly used desk. To Dr. Crowell I leave several scratched negatives, a ten year's supply of contrast solution and five pounds of high quality dust which is to be sprinkled generously on lenses, negatives, paper, etc. I leave first period math class a paper sack with ten holes and a stocking hat. I leave Mr. Drake six orange pitons and my book of 1001 stupid and irritating questions. I leave Mrs. Garriot a recording of "Hello, I'm here." I leave MBA knowing that a period of my life is drawing to a close and hoping to keep the friendships I have made.

I, Chuck Lassing, do hereby leave a mudhole off Vaughn Road to any four-wheel drive vehicle (or McWhirter's Toronado) that can make it through; my word-wealth ability to Freeman (smeg) and Haynes (mung); a penny to John Pickens; a half-wrecked house in Ft. Lauderdale to anyone dumb enough to let ten MBA studs live in it for a week; and my unobnoxious attitude to Mr. Ramsey.

I, Raymond Lackey, do leave to my most inspiring and most respected coach Jay Ramsey a new Gillette triple-edged techmatic Trac-3 razor with super-deluxe Wilkinson bonded blades (chain-saw design) for his NEW burly beard. I also leave to Coach R. a reserved parking place at the door of King's from 12:00 to 12:50 in order that he can get in and out so as not to miss class. To Mr. Medlin, my father image, I leave my newly-acquired footserving (a gift for this purpose from the plantation of David Templeton) because I want Mr. Medlin to know how we Belle Meade Babies live "high-on-the-hawg."

I, Brian Kurtz, being of rapidly declining mind and body, leave a centerfold of Alisa to my brother, my Father Ryan director to whoever will burn it, my promise to Joe and John that I will take good care of Cathy and Tim, all my "Jew"ery to the Catholic Relief

Fund, and I depart wondering when the band is going to do the farewell concert.

I, David E. Moench, leave to Mr. Carter and the school the T. Michael Drake Memorial Track (projected date of completion: 1972); to an ymember of the track team who so deserves and earns it, my three-year tenure as President; of the Lose-your-lunch-bunch; and to Mr. Drake, one pole vault to be injected into Trey Alford at his convenience.

I, Alan Moore, do hereby leave my wish for Jody Daniel's, Don Pinker's, and E.W.'s enjoyment of extended weekends; my duties as the co-pilot to whomsoever the pilot might assign; my fondest memories of stories about the Denny Dew girls to Chris London because H.C., D.G., and some unmentionable have worn them out; my true War Clown spirit to Buck and Doug; and leave all manners of elevation to Chris Latimer as I devote myself to a happy life in the heart of Texas.

I, Ralph Polk Moore, do leave my patented shark fishing technique to the MBA Fishing Club, my bear wrestling to Johnny Mac, my bicycle riding in study hall to Mr. Novak, and finally my preschool tobacco chewing and fishing to Andy Smith, Greg Simpson, Bill Hawkins, and Hue Novak.

I, William Morgan, do hereby leave my assortment of exotic (?) golf pants to John Danier in hopes that he will abandon his career as an unsuccessful soccer coach and spur Dr. Fairbairn's 1978 golf team to the State Championship.

I, Richie Nelson, do hereby leave my unused golf clubs to Coach Fairbairn, my unused speed-speaking course to Jim Poston, mildew in the library for future concern, and MBA hoping that my insanity will reign supreme.

I, Danny Newman, being of sound mind and body, do hereby leave one official R.R. road map to Kirk Norling, Lon Tension to "maze bone amis" Greg Simpson, a worm to Andy Smith, my tremendous study habits to John McWhirter, a "sip" to Chris Hannon, the "left-back tire" to Dan Hannon, a hole to crawl into to "the mole" David Molesworth, and a great sigh of relief.

I, Steve Parman, leave the keys to the Sports Department Executive Lavatory to Tim Crenshaw, a may of Fairview to anyone who can find it, a copy of "Fixing Raffles for Fun and Profit" to the library, and my youthful innocence behind.

I, Donald Phillips, do hereby bequeath the wounded sculpture, "A Drunken Spider," to its admirers in the debate room; the senior class party tradition to the class of 1980; and W-2 to Mrs. L.

MBA Seniors' College Choices

Vanderbilt (16)

Lyle Beasley
Byron Burrus
Phil Gibbs
Lee Edmondson
Steve Elliott
Bobby Johnson
Jerry Jordan
Bryan Kurtz
Chuck Lassing
Evans Lyne
Jody Macey
William Morgan
Keith Phillips
Marshall Summar
Tom Tillman
Gage Whittier

Virginia (6)

Albert Brown
Michael Chernau
John Claybrook
Barry Duke
Raymond Lackey
David Schull

Duke (5)

Bill Hase
Sam Garrett
David Mahanes
Warner McNeilly
Steve Parman

Auburn (5)

Greg Estes
David Johnson
Chuck Mader
Ralph Moore
Richie Nelson

Baylor (4)

Norman Herron
David Moench
Allen Reasons
Jack Robinson

Tennessee Tech. (4)

Louie Davis
Bobby Garner
Jay Hodge
David Thompson

U. T. (4)

Jim Dale
Pride Scanlon
Felix Wilson
Randy Workman

S. M. U. (3)

Andy Bishop
Greer Bogle
Alan Moore

Alabama (3)

Grady Burrus
Edward Jackson
Brett Thompson

Yale (2)

Ben Cohen
Andy May

Washington University (2)

Kevin Mallory
Ike Simon

Davidson (2)

Douglas Shanks
Mickey Tune

U. N. C. (2)

John Hannon
Doug Maxwell

Princeton (2)

Bill Collins
Charles Sawyers

Missouri

John Fox

Emory

Billy Anderson

Notre Dame

Joe Wick

Kentucky

Nancy Newman

Air Force

Joe Wood

Northwestern

Michael Knish

Brown

Donald Phillips

Samford

Mark Ishee

University of the South

Overton Thompson

Belmont

Nelson Griswold

Colby

John Andrews

Georgia

Rick Jacques

Southwestern

Jeff Glezer

Centre

Scott Kimbro

Georgia Tech

John Hamilton

Undecided

Rob Cochran
David Graham
Hal West

Senior Wills

I, Keith Phillips, being of sound body leave Gage a batter so he can hit him and leave Mark Levan a free ticket to Fannies.

I, Allen Reasons, leave the training room after using 8.6 miles of tape and 3.4 miles of pre-wrap to Galt Baker; I leave the leadership of Eliot Ness and the Untouchables; to Dr. Drake, I leave the shot put without ever having figured out how to fill it with styrofoam.

I, Jack Robinson, leave my AP Biology notes from Dr. Thomis to next year's AP Biology class so that they might get at least a few notes to study for the AP exam.

I, Charles Sawyers, do hereby leave my camera around the necks of Tim Crenshaw and Steve Wallace with hopes that their photography staff will deliver sooner than three days before an eighty-page deadline.

I, David Schull, leave the same forgettable dork that I entered as. And I would like to take this opportunity to say that this school has done much for me in the way of helping me mature into a young and handsome gentleman. Last I leave my nose to the Jewish Community Center.

I, Pride Scanlan, do hereby leave MBA like the loon of Walden Pond, suspecting this sentence is grammatically incorrect, and knowing fully that I cannot name the error. I also leave to anyone who can name the error a seat in Mrs. Lowry's class (with her permission, of course). Finally, I proudly leave having made the privilege list twice in my career upon the Hill.

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Me, Doug Shanks, being of sane mind and sound body and even gooder grammar, leave my golf expertise an dlove of the game to Gary Zeitlin, W.P.C. to Hunter, second period library to Anderson, Mercy, and Thornton, and the Shanks legend of superior mediocrity to my brother.

I, the honorable Marshall L. Summar Esquire, QED, MGB, EKG, KGB, AKC, KKK, ABC, and L.O.U., possessing a slight majority of my mental facilities, do hereby leave my dissected dogfish shark to the cafeteria for any future shortages, my priceless Varsity Certificate of Participation in soccer (the coveted VCPSS) to be enshrined in the trophy room, a matching set of Dobermann Pinschers and a company of crack riot troops to maintain order in the library, and lastly but not leastly I leave the frying pan for the fire.

I, Ike Simon, being of sound mind and body except on the weekends, do hereby bequeath the following: I leave rugby shirts and khaki pants to all private schoolers; I leave my blazing 100-yard dash and 220 speed to Greg Simpson and David Smies, whom I have groomed to take my place on the track sprint team; I leave the Hair-cut Committee with a warm smile; I leave Mark Armour and David Schenker the happy feeling of another year on the Hill; I leave Mr. Ridgway a bowl of Bob Philip's finest; I leave Washington U. to Jina (where she better go next year); and finally, I leave feeling greatly relieved.

I, Brett Thompson, leave knowing something that my teachers don't know; and I give my ability on themes to any student worthy of it.

I, Overton Thompson III, leave looking toward the road less traveled by and wondering whether it will make any difference.

I, Tom Tillman, leave my ability to receive English grades stoically to anyone who cares.

I, Hal West, do leave Stephen Hinshaw a face; Garry Zeitlin my AP French assignments; Dr. Crowell a 12' inflatable dodo bird for fun on the beach; to next year's track team, I leave my new book entitled *How To Get Loose Within a Single Day's Notice*; and to Dr. Drake, I leave my sincere thanks for being understanding.

I Joseph A. Wiek, being of questionable mind and body, do hereby leave the early morning

study hall (otherwise known as the Freshman Fry) to the next power-hungry, demerit happy fool that Mrs. Hollins can sucker into it.

I, Felix Wilson, being of sound mind, do leave to Chris London my weekend kit (consisting of one flask, one roll of Certs, and one bottle of Visine). I leave one Russ Freeman all of the downstairs den stories to be told to any other fool gullible enough to believe them. I leave Doc Fairbairn all my intelligent questions. Finally, I leave the Hill for the Hill, to return often, only for the valley across the street.

I, Joe Wood, leave MBA to find out exactly to what Harbison meant when he said, "Out of the frying pan and into the fire."

I, Randy Workman, being of no mind whatsoever, do hereby leave MBA for self-preservation and the good of the school. I leave my as yet untapped reservoir of basketball ability to J. B. and my second-period nap time to any fool that is as fond of late-nighters as I am.

MBA Seniors Score Contest Triumph

David Linn

Once again, MBA students have made fine showings in the various scholastic contests in which they have participated this Spring.

In the State Math contest, 19 of 32 participants from MBA placed in the top 10 in their divisions at the Lipscomb Testing Center. Robert Clark and Jay Dembsky took first place in the Algebra I and Algebra II divisions while Bill Collins placed first in the Advanced Topics division. Collins' score placed him first in the state. Moreover, on the National Math Exam Charles Sawyers scored high enough to be placed on the National Honor Roll.

In the National Spanish Exam Eric Fenchel, Jay Dembsky, and Randy Foster took first, second, and third places in the Nashville-Murfreesboro area.

In the National French Contest 20 students from MBA (in seven divisions) placed in the top 5 at the state level. John Shayne, Bobby Johnson, and Jackson Galloway placed first in divisions I-B, II-B, and III-A; Roger Burrus and David Thistlethwaite tied for first in division III-B. Furthermore, of these 20 students, 11 placed in the top 5 at the regional level with Shayne and Galloway retaining their first place positions. Finally, these two boys placed on the national level with Shayne taking fifth

THE BELL RINGER

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Bill Collins
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in I-B and Galloway taking first in the nation in III-B.

How about a pleasant four week vacation in France? Beautiful French women, a nice, little stroll in the country, and, oh, that French cooking. Say, it wouldn't be so bad. Well, Jackson Galloway will be there this summer. Yes, there'll be women, food, and believe it or not, no expenses. Luck, you say. No, plenty of work and study get Jackson this trip. In winning the National French contest Galloway receives a trip to France for four weeks during July. He will stay with a family in Brittany, which is in Northwestern France, for the first part of his journey and then tour the country for the remaining time. We would like to congratulate Jackson on a fine accomplishment. So, study your French, guys.

New Coaches Welcomed To School Staff

Galt Baker and Pete Delay

MBA is looking forward to the addition of three new coaches to the athletic staff. The first is no stranger to MBA, Tommy Owen. Coach Owen came to MBA in 1953 and, as head football coach, compiled an overall record of 125 wins, 57 losses, and 10 ties in his eighteen years on the Hill. This record includes three State Championships, three second-place finishes in the state, and six other seasons in which his teams finished in the top ten of the state. During this period, MBA played in twelve bowl games with a record of 7-3-2.

In 1971, Coach Owen left MBA for Vanderbilt and, later, private business, and in 1975 he accepted a post as Director of Academics at Brentwood Academy. Coach Owen is optimistic about next year's team and hopes to continue the tradition

of competitive football at MBA. He will re-institute a Junior Varsity team as a building program for the Varsity.

In addition to Coach Owen, Steve Williams and Kevin Lenahan will coach varsity wrestling. Williams and Lenahan wrestled together at Ryan where Lenahan was a state champ at 126 pounds and Williams was on two state championship teams. Coach Williams also wrestled at the University of Tennessee where he majored in history and graduated with honors. He has coached at Ryan, Overton, and BCA before coming to MBA as head wrestling coach.

His assistant coach Kevin Lenahan went to Sewanee, where he played football for four years and was captain of the wrestling team. He is currently teaching at the Christ School in North Carolina and will be teaching biology next year.

Both the football and wrestling coaches plan to have a summer weight-lifting program to increase the ability of their athletes. With eleven of twelve starters returning next year, the wrestling team should be in contention to win the N.I.L. while, under Coach Owen's leadership, the football outlook is bright. MBA would like to welcome its new staff members and especially welcome back Coach Tommy Owen.

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Belair Cotillion Club
Chris Evans Lambos, Director

The Belair Cotillion, is a private social dance club composed of sixth graders through high school. All classes are grouped according to grades. Members receive between nineteen and twenty one hours of dance instruction as well as four or five parties during the year.

Registration is now being taken for next years membership. Classes will begin Thursday September 15th and meet every other week. Fifteen dollars is paid upon registration and 30.00 is paid quarterly. Each class is limited to ten couples. Membership does not exceed one hundred. For further information please phone 298-5880 or 297-4069.

(Former students must enroll by June 1st)

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PENTATHLON INITIATED

Though Byron Burrus captured first place, the beauty of Mr. Drake's brainchild lay in the diversity of the participants.



JUNIOR HIGH ATHLETIC TEAMS EXCEL

FRESHMAN TRACK

Randy Henderson

The accomplishments of the freshman track squad this year were truly outstanding. Under the careful coaching of Bill Compton and Kevin Harkey, the team soundly defeated Northside, conceded the district because of its impressive ability.

With a little luck and a lot of determination, the Frosh team won the Baylor Relays, the Optimist Relays, and the Banner Relays. Although hampered by injuries, the team placed second overall in the Middle Tennessee District, losing by only one point, in the Clarksville Invitational.

Needless to say, the Freshman squad was composed of many fine athletes. Scoring an average of twenty points for the team in each meet, Doug Derryberry was one

of the most outstanding performers. Doug broke Freshman school records in the pole vault (with a vault of 11'3"), 120 low hurdles, 180 low hurdles, and the 880, and he ran very well in the high jump and the 440. Jimmy Griscom performed extremely well in the shot-put and discus competition throughout the season, and was able to set a new freshman record by throwing the shot 51'11". Chris Hill and Joe Hymel ran quite creditably in the mile.

In field events, Philip Altenbern and Owen Libscomb threw the discus and shot-put, and Hunter Ridgway did well in pole vaulting. As in the past, the mile relay composed at different times of Galen Gentry, Scott Glasgow, Chris Hill, Bob Calton, Joe Anderson, Chris Whitson, and Scott Campbell, excelled, setting a new record of 3:40.7 in the event.

These athletes have worked hard

and performed very well against tough competition. The ability of these young men will certainly contribute to future varsity track teams.

JR. HIGH GOLF

Bob Dale

This year's Junior High golf team had an outstanding season, winning first place in its league. The team compiled a 4-0 record with wins over Hillwood, West, Ryan, and archrival BGA. The junior golfers were led by George Cate, Joey Breen, John Haley, and eighth-grader David Ingram and were coached by Mr. Ray Ridgway. All the players showed vast improvement throughout the season and will surely prove to be a great asset to the varsity golf program next spring.

MICROBE ATHLETICS

Tim Crenshaw

The seventh and eighth grade baseball team proved to be one of the finest teams in several years by tying for first place in the Harpeth Valley All-state Conference. Under the leadership of coaches Caldwell and Medlin, the Little Red enjoyed an excellent season and produced several fine prospects for future Varsity teams.

Finishing the season with a record of eight wins and three losses (6-1 in the H.V.A.C.), the team boasted outstanding hitting as evidenced by a batting average of .306. Shawn Menke provided consistent offensive punch with a batting average of .487 and seventeen RBI's. Wade Smith, followed in his brother Bill's footsteps as an excellent hitter, batted .408, as did Terry Shirey.

Shawn Menke with a 5-1 record and Mike Anderson with three wins and one loss provided outstanding pitching to help the Microbes to a successful season. These young men and their coaches are to be commended for continuing the MBA tradition of excellence.

Under the guidance of Mr. Gaither and Mr. Goza, the Microbe track team enjoyed a very fine season. The team performed well all season and established several new school and H.V.A.C. records.

The team did well in the H.V.A.C. meet as several boys placed in their events. Mark Daniel was second in the 100 yard dash, and Steve Hines placed third in the 440 yard dash. Mike Anderson broad-jumped 5'6" as both won second place in their respective events. Jim Harrison also performed well in the sprints and hurdles.

Joel Slaton set a new school record in the shot-put with a throw of forty-four feet, and two of the relay teams performed exceptionally well. The 880 relay team composed of Ernie Franklin, Mark Daniel, Kelly Shackelford, and Mike Anderson set a new H.V.A.C. record, while the 440 relay team of Franklin, Daniel, Harrison, and Anderson tied the H.V.A.C. record. These young trackmen will be a great help to Coach Drake's Varsity teams in the coming year.

GOLF SQUAD SHINES

William Morgan

Dr. Fairbairn's MBA golf team finished another successful season this year only to lose to arch-rival Overton in the big tournaments.

Led by the steady play of seniors Grady Burrus and William Morgan and junior Robert Haley, the team compiled a NIL record of 10-2 and overall if 15-4. The team finished second in the Western Division, second in the NIL Championship,

and a disappointing fourth in the District tournament.

Highlights of the year were two one-stroke victories over Dickerson and BGA, third in the state last year. Individual honors go to Grady Burrus, who placed seventh in the NIL Championship, William Morgan, who placed second in the match averages at McCabe with 37.86, and Doug Shanks, who pulled out the BGA match in the final group. Robert Haley placed second in the District, first in the

Region (with a two under par seventy at Harpeth Hills), and has a good chance of placing well in the State Tournament at Henry Horton State Park. Consistent help was given to the top three players by Danny Newman and John Hamilton, who did not play until the end of the season. Overall, the year was highlighted by better play during the regular season, but the performance fell slightly short when tournament time arrived.

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TENNIS, BASEBALL CAPTURE DISTRICT

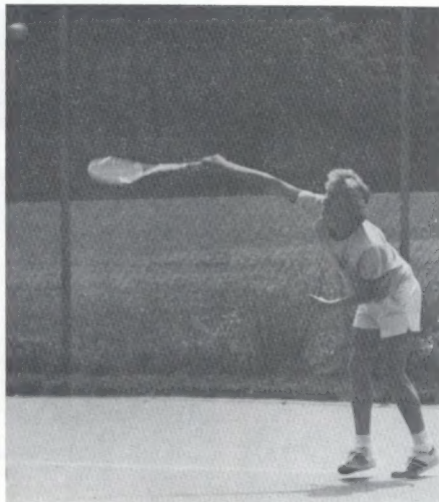
TENNIS

Roger Burrus

Big Red tradition continues to shine through the accomplishments of the tennis squad. Posting an 19-0 record, the MBA netters fought off a determined Hillwood team 7-0 and captured the divisional title against one of best public school teams in the last decade. Soon afterwards, the Big Red punished Lipscomb's squad 8-1 to capture the N.L. Championship.

There were many outstanding performances during the year on a team and individual basis. In April, MBA captured fourth place in the Rotary Tournament in Chattanooga with all six players losing tough semifinal matches. Steve Eliot, who lost to John Corse (ranked second in the Boys' 16's in the nation), Bill Calton, who lost to Scott Webb (ranked first in the Boys' 16's in the state), and Harold DeBlanc, who lost to Robbie Hines of McCallie, all played especially well.

In May, MBA won three other tournaments. In the MBA Invitational Tournament, MBA players won all their matches to take six singles titles. In the district tournament, David Templeton won a hard-fought match over teammate Steve Eliot to win the District Singles Championship and then teamed with Steve to take the doubles crown.



David Templeton serves en route to district crown.

MBA nearly doubled the score of the second place team Hillwood 30-16 in route to another District Championship. Two weeks later,

MBA participated in and won a convincing victory in the regional tournament. Steve Eliot took the singles titles with a 6-2, 6-3 victory

over David Templeton. Steve's victory evened his match record with David's at two apiece. The duo of Elliot-Templeton defeated the Hillwood doubles team, as MBA won the region by a large margin.

This year's tennis season has been most successful both for MBA and the players involved. Hopes for next year include a tougher schedule filled with teams such as McCallie, Baylor, and Westminster. Since Steve Eliot is the only senior in the top six and because there are many returning lettermen, Coach Poston's squad may once again enjoy a successful season as one of the state's finest teams.

BASEBALL

John Anderson

This year's varsity baseball team entered its season play with high hopes, but unfortunately got off to a slow start. The team managed to gain some impressive wins, but also lost key games, compiling a 3-4 record in district play and an 8-10 record overall.

Thus, the Big Red entered the District 12 tournament seeded fifth and given little chance to succeed. The team's opener of the

tournament was against Pearl. Behind a solid pitching performance by sophomore Barry Ralston, MBA managed to squeeze by the Tigers 5-4 and move into a quarter-final game with Cheatham County. The Big Red handily defeated them 7-3 with some solid hitting and a good pitching performance by Tom Tillman.

The semi-final game pitted MBA against arch-rival Father Ryan. In what had to be his finest performance of the year, Gage Whittier smoked the Irish 9-4 to give the Big Red a shot at the championship. Ironically, Ryan advanced to the finals through the loser's bracket; therefore, in the championship, MBA needed only one game to win the District while Ryan had to win two.

In front of a large crowd of loyal and somewhat boisterous fans, who travelled out to Ashland City to support the team, MBA prepared to complete one of its best seasons in several years. The situation grew less hopeful as the team lost a disappointing first game to Ryan 4-1. However, in the first inning of the second game, the Big Red jumped to an early 4-0 lead.

With superb pitching by Tom Tillman and a superb defense, MBA was ahead 5-1 in the bottom of the seventh inning with two men out and a Ryan runner on first. Then Ryan began their comeback. After several hits, walks, and a couple of errors, Tillman faced a 5-4 situation with the bases loaded. What had seemed like a certain victory now seemed like a certain defeat. Even though tired, Tillman got ahead of the batter with a 1-2 count, then dropped a perfect curve ball in which claimed the District Championship for MBA and sent them into the Regionals.

In the Region III the Big Red face a strong Hendersonville squad in the first game. The team played hard but lost 11-3 to end a successful and productive season.

Senior Barry Duke led the team offensively. He was selected as second-team All-NIL and finished the year with an impressive .360 batting average. Albert Brown and Tim Owen also provided hitting strength, finishing the year with averages of about .300. The defense was led by a solid trio of pitchers: Gage Whittier, Tom Tillman, and Barry Ralston, an All-NIL choice as a sophomore with a 6-4 record. Defensively, MBA boasted a strong infield consisting of Kevin Holland, Tim Owen, Barry Duke, and Robert Holland, who collectively averaged less than two errors per game, a good record for any high school team.

Coach Jefferson expressed his early disappointments in the team's first games but stated: "Inconsistency offensively hurt us during the first of the year, but the players demonstrated their great character in being able to come back and play the way they did." The team loses five seniors: Barry Duke, Albert Brown, Gage Whittier, Tom Tillman, and Rick Jacques. But, with returning juniors and sophomores, along with outstanding freshman, next year's baseball team should have a fine season.

Track Team Sets School Records

Mark Barnes

Under the leadership and coaching of Michael Drake, the MBA track team enjoyed several successful team performances as well as a number of outstanding individual performances during this athletic season. The track team participated in five dual meets, but carried off the first-place trophy in only two of them. Drake's Raiders also participated in the Optimist Relays, in which they placed twelfth and the Banner Relays in which they captured ninth place. In the Banner Relays, a truly exceptional performance was turned in by the two mile relay team of Wort, Glezzer, Groos and Bogle. Special praise is due to Greer Bogle, who ran the last leg of the two-mile relay in an excellent time of 1:58.5, thereby providing the relay team with a second-place finish. In the district meet, MBA placed fourth and was able to qualify four individuals for the regional meet; these included Craig Stewart in the 440 yard run, Erich Groos in the 880 yard run, Ralph Moore in the discus and Jack Patterson in the intermediate hurdles. At the regional meet held in Hendersonville, Craig Stewart qualified for the state finals and became MBA's sole representative at the TSSAA State Finals. School records were broken this year in the intermediate hurdles by Jack Patterson and in the 440 yard run by Craig Stewart, who merits special

recognition for his continued athletic successes. Coach Drake feels that the track team was strengthened this year by the performances

of Marcel Hawiger in the high jump and by the hard work of sophomores Stewart, Groos, Alford, White and Wort. With the

strength provided by these returning track participants, the MBA track team is certain to have another excellent year in 1978.



Doug Derryberry, freshman track star, clears bar on his way to victories in the Banner Relays.